



The Horrible Thing That Happened to Charles



113 3 10

Chapter 1 by Jason Muspratt

Charles slowly opened his eyes, his head pounding with pain. There was very little to see in the cramped room he had awoken in. Less than lots, but not nothing. Charles checked his wristwatch, but it was so dark that he couldn't make out the time or date. Suddenly, with an audible gasp, a memory slammed into his brain. Charles didn't put his watch on this morning.

He felt around the floor and gathered some twigs his hands knocked into. Using his basic woodworking knowledge, he fashioned a crude sundial from the twigs and placed it in the centre of the room. Without sunlight, it was just a pile of sticks. Charles kicked the twigs in frustration. The small bits of tree slammed into a wall. "If only there was some way out of here", he thought. Then, there was.

The old wooden door made a horrible noise as Charles slowly opened it. It was obviously the maintenance man wasn't doing a very good job. Strands of murky yellow light pushed their way into the small room, landing gracefully on the rough brick walls and revealing lines and symbols scrawled on the walls in a dark, runny liquid. It wasn't paint, it was blood. Knowing that walls don't have a circulatory system, Charles became slightly concerned. He scratched his chin.

Chapter 2 by Adsy



He was sure that he shaved this morning, but this felt like he hadn't in two days. Something was really starting to scare him, but he still didn't know exactly what was going on. His mind was still confused and his vision was still blurry. Not sure if his vision was due to injury or lack of light, he shook his head to help clear it.

Wait, what was that noise?

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He listened

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There it was again! It kept repeating, over and over every couple of seconds. Maybe it was coming from the hallway? It was just a continuous beep that never seemed to get louder or quieter no matter the direction in which he walked. The beep seemed to be coming from him. He looked down and saw what looked like one of those ankle bracelets you see escaped prisoners wearing in the movies. However this wasn't a movie and he wasn't an escaped prisoner. At least, he didn't think he was.

He sat and tried to remove the bracelet but it was attached, as far as he could tell, in a manner that was impossible for him to remove. He couldn't even tell if there was a lock on it as there were no keyholes that he could see. It was the source of the beeping though, a light, muffled kind of beep that was in time with a blinking blue light on the device.

Not for the first time that day did he wonder, what is going on?

Chapter 3 by Jasmine Hailey Lim (Jassy)



Charles became frantic. His pulse rose. He scanned the darkness around him for a clock or something, or anything. But it seemed that the constant thud, thud, thud of his heartbeat was the closest thing to a clock he would find in this pit of darkness.

Suddenly he was hyper-aware of his senses. He felt the ache of his empty stomach, and the cold biting at his skin. Goosebumps. In about twenty minutes his leg had gone numb from the position he was in. He moved it slightly to make the pins and needles go away.

At this point, he swore that the metal bound tightly around his ankle dropped a couple of degrees in temperature. In another minute, it had become freezing cold, eliciting a whimper from Charles.

A rising pain in his leg from the cold.

Charles slapped his palms around the metal in a fruitless attempt to heat up the metal. Didn't work.

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At that moment, the singular thought that was in Charles' brain was that he wished his leg would change to in form so he could get out of the metal bind he was in.

And as soon as that thought was crystalised, Charles looked down to see that his once very solid right leg had dissolved with a splosh into liquid form, freeing him from his shackles.

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